

MARVEL

#21

PAST LIVES

OLD MAN LOGAN™

**LEMIRE
NGUYEN
MOSSA**



SORRENTO
TIN
OIL

After surviving a future known as the Wastelands where everything good in the world was destroyed, Old Man Logan awoke in the present, determined to prevent the death of his wife and children. Even after accepting this second chance, he is haunted by the loss of his family.

Even beyond familial ties, there are other memories and obligations from the Wastelands that Logan cannot forget--including a Hulk baby that he swore to protect. Now, after breaking the magical being called Asmodeus out of prison, Logan is on a mission to get back to the Wastelands to save that baby.



OLD MAN LOGAN

PAST LIVES: PART I of IV

WRITER
JEFF LEMIRE

ARTIST
ERIC NGUYEN

COLOR ARTIST
ANDRES MOSSA

LETTERER
VC'S CORY
PETIT

COVER ARTIST
ANDREA
SORRENTINO

VARIANT COVER ARTISTS
GREG LAND, JAY LEISTEN &
DAVID CURIEL; KIA ASAMIYA

ASSISTANT EDITOR
CHRISTINA HARRINGTON

EDITOR
MARK PANICCIA

EDITOR IN CHIEF
AXEL ALONSO

CHIEF CREATIVE OFFICER
JOE QUESADA

PRESIDENT
DAN BUCKLEY

EXECUTIVE PRODUCER
ALAN FINE

LAST THING I REMEMBER IS
ASMODEUS...THAT CREEP WAS
SUPPOSED TO SEND ME BACK
TO THE WASTELANDS.

BUT SOMETHING
WENT WRONG...

WELL DONE,
LADS. WE FINALLY
GOT THE JUMP ON HIM...
THE CANADIANS' BEST
ASSASSIN IS NOW OUR
PRISONER.

REALLY WRONG. I
AIN'T IN THE WASTELANDS.
NOT EVEN CLOSE.

THIS IS--THIS IS FAMILIAR
THOUGH. I ALMOST
REMEMBER THIS.

GET
MOVING,
SAVAGE.

ONTARIO/MANITOBA BORDER.

THE WAR
OF 1812.

I WAS HERE. THIS *DID*
HAPPEN. ONLY PROBLEM
IS, I DON'T REMEMBER
WHAT HAPPENED NEXT.



MY WORD!
YOU ACTUALLY
CAUGHT HIM,
CAPTAIN?

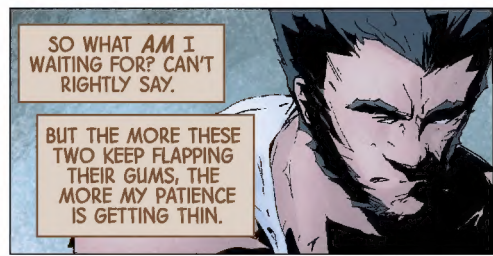
THAT
WE DID, LAD.
INFORM GENERAL
MACMILLAN THAT THE
ASSASSIN IS IN
THE BRIG.

CAREFUL, LADS.
HE DOESN'T LOOK LIKE
MUCH, BUT THIS MAN IS NOT
TO BE TAKEN LIGHTLY. HE HAS
KILLED AT LEAST **TWO DOZEN**
OF OUR MEN OVER THE
LAST YEAR.

DID I? SO LONG AGO.
SO HARD TO REMEMBER
ANY DETAILS. I DID WORK
WITH THE CANADIAN ARMY.
I--I KILLED FOR THEM.

I COULD DO IT AGAIN. I COULD GET OUT OF THIS
IN **ONE BLOODY SECOND**. ALL I GOTTA DO IS
POP MY CLAWS. SO WHY DON'T I?

CAN'T REALLY SAY. SOME INSTINCT.
SOME FAINT MEMORY OF A MEMORY...
LIKE I'M WAITING FOR SOMETHING.







IF I GOT ANY HOPE OF GETTING OUT OF HERE, IT'S WITH THAT **AMULET**. THE ONE ASMODEUS USED TO ZAP ME BACK HERE INTO MY YOUNGER SELF.



BUT THIS AIN'T
MY WAR. NOT
ANYMORE ANYWAYS.

AHHH!!!



ST-STAY
AWAY, YOU
ANIMAL!

THERE'S NO NEED TO
KILL THESE MEN. THEY
DON'T KNOW WHAT
THEY'RE MIXED UP IN HERE.

CHIK



THIS WHOLE THING,
TRYING TO GO BACK
TO THE WASTELANDS
TO SAVE *BANNER'S*
GRANDKID...IT WAS
A MISTAKE.



I SHOULD HAVE
KNOWN BETTER.
HELL, I *DID*
KNOW BETTER.

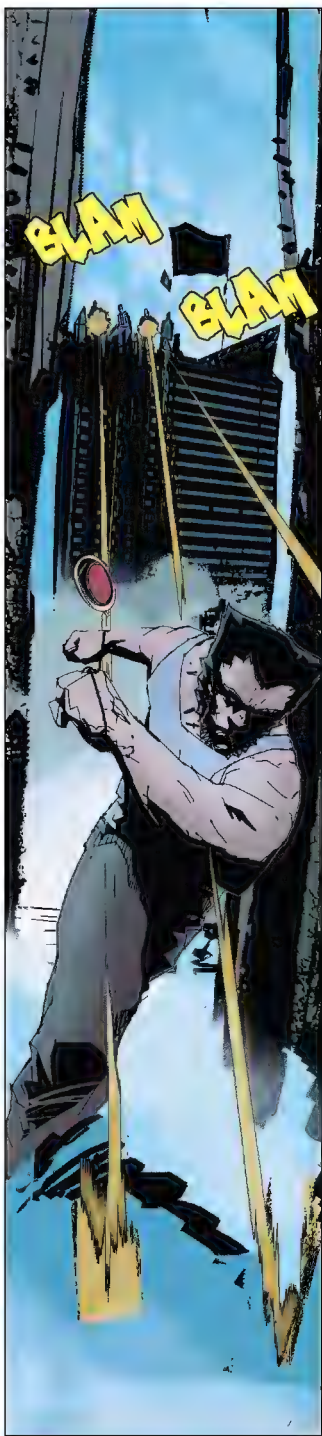


EVERYTHING I'VE DONE SINCE
I FIRST CAME BACK FROM
THE WASTELANDS HAS TOLD
ME THAT I NEEDED TO LET
GO OF THE PAST...

...THAT I NEEDED
TO MOVE ON.

KILL
IT! KILL
IT!!!





--OVER?

BLACKNESS AND PAIN. PAIN LIKE I *NEVER* FELT BEFORE.

WAIT...THAT'S NOT TRUE.

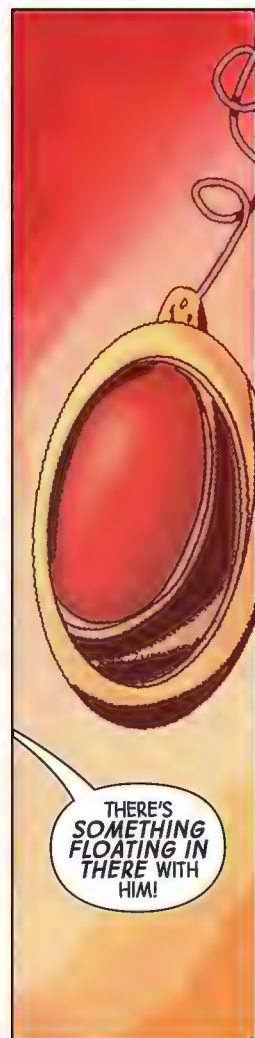
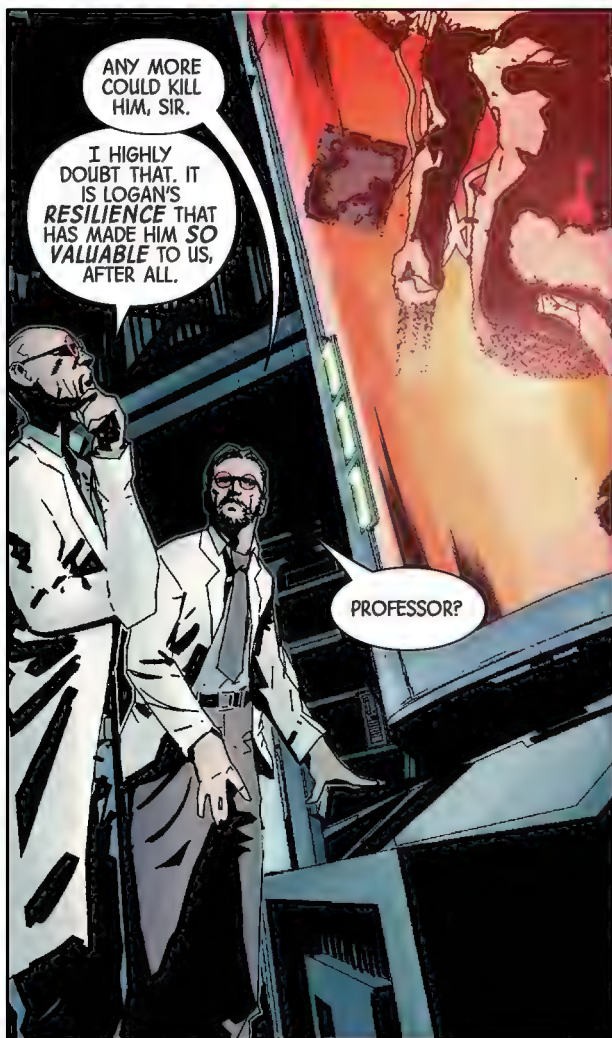
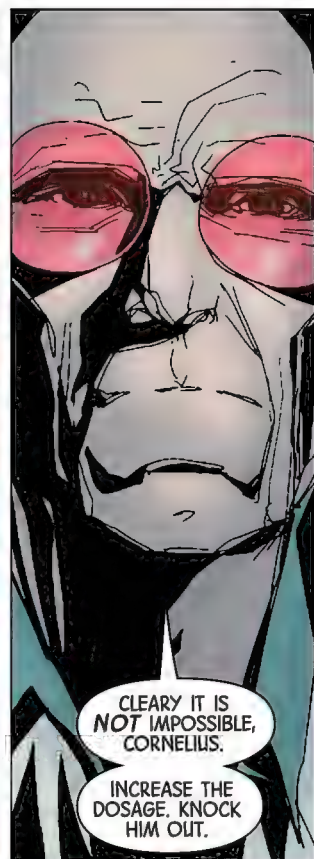
I *HAVE* FELT THIS BEFORE. EVERY CELL, EVERY BONE SCREAMING OUT IN AGONY. COLD AND WET AND DARK.

IT TAKES ME A WHILE TO WORK UP THE COURAGE TO OPEN MY EYES, BUT EVEN BEFORE I DO I ALREADY KNOW *WHERE AND WHEN* I AM...



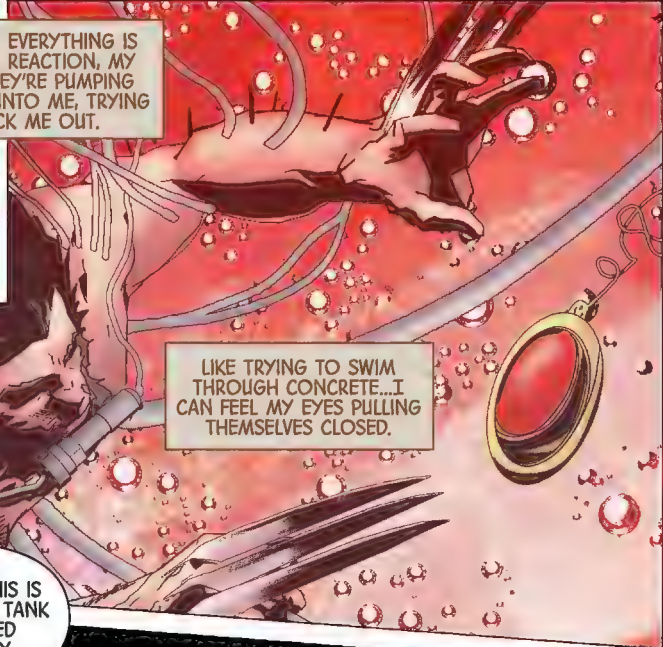
...WEAPON X!

DEPARTMENT K,
CANADA.





I SEE IT, BUT EVERYTHING IS
DELAYED...MY REACTION, MY
MUSCLES. THEY'RE PUMPING
MORE DRUGS INTO ME, TRYING
TO KNOCK ME OUT.



LIKE TRYING TO SWIM
THROUGH CONCRETE...I
CAN FEEL MY EYES PULLING
THEMSELVES CLOSED.



WHO DROPPED
THAT IN THERE? THIS IS
UNACCEPTABLE! THE TANK
CONDITIONS NEED
TO BE PERFECTLY
CONTROLLED!

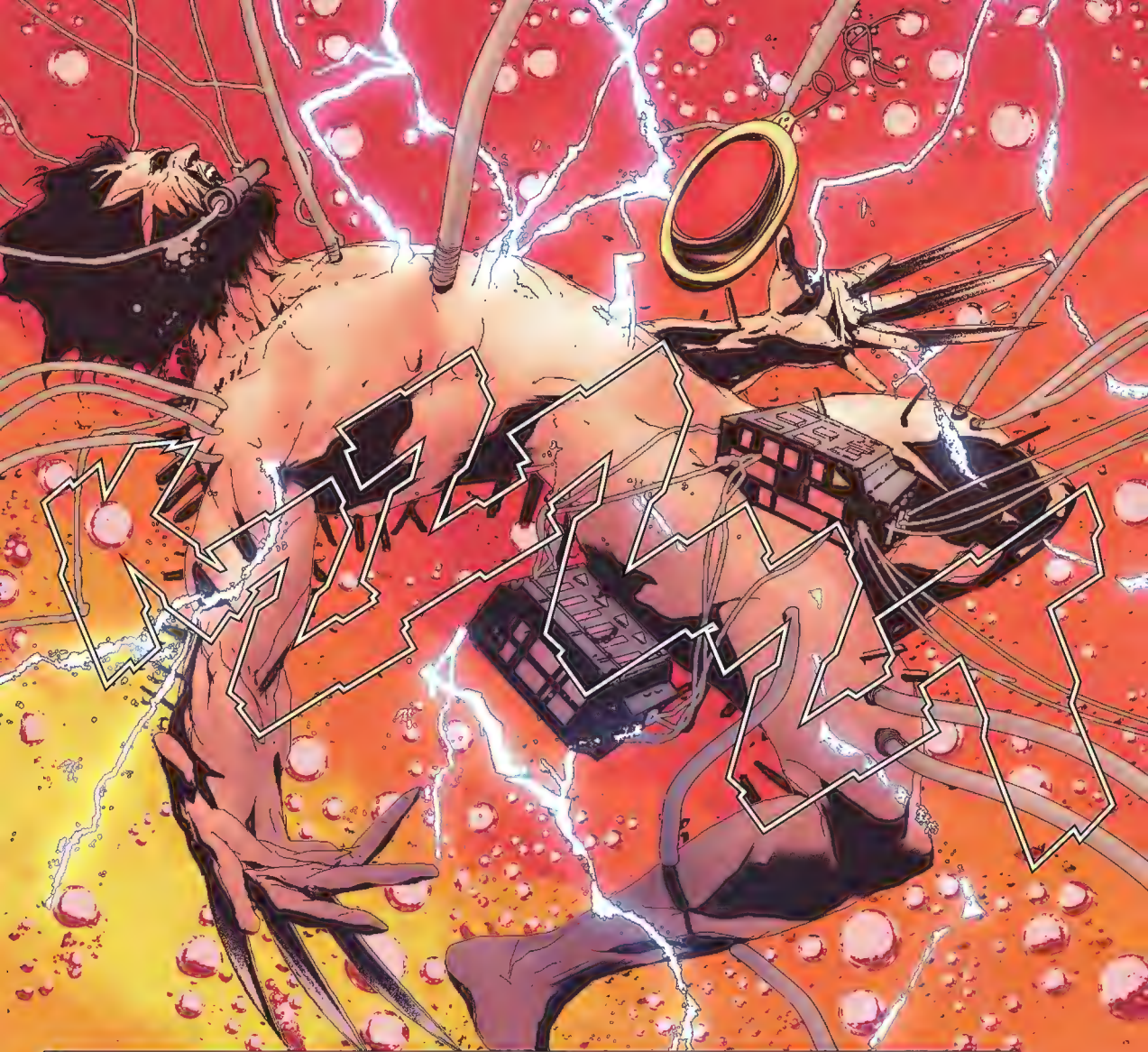
GET IT OUT.
SOMEONE GET
THAT THING OUT
OF THERE!



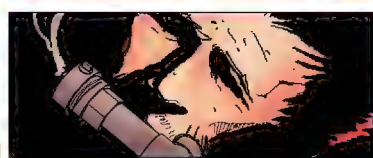
I DON'T
WANT HIM
TOUCHING THAT
THING UNTIL I
CAN STUDY IT.
HIT HIM!



YES,
PROFESSOR,
CHARGING
NOW!

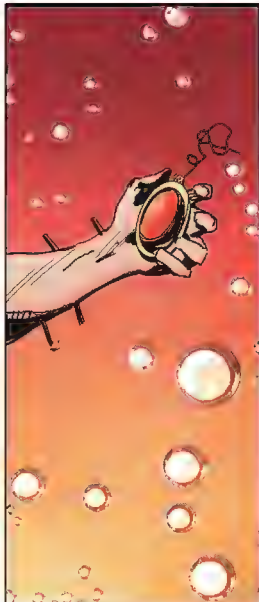


JUST WANT TO
SLEEP...JUST WANT
THE PAIN TO STOP.



NO. NOT HERE.
I WON'T BE
STUCK *HERE* OF
ALL PLACES.

HOME.



HIT HIM
AGAIN!

PLEASE
JUST SEND
ME HOME!



ARRRRGHHHH!!!!



**NEW JERSEY.
NOW.**

I HAVE
CALLED YOU ALL
HERE BECAUSE I
HAVE FOUND MYSELF
IN POSSESSION
OF A *GREAT*
WEAPON.

A WEAPON
THAT WHEN
UNLEASHED CAN BE
DEADLIER THAN
ANY YOU HAVE EVER
POSSESSED. AND
IT CAN BE
YOURS.



SO I ASK
YOU GENTLEMEN,
HOW MUCH *WILL*
YOU *PAY* FOR
THIS WEAPON?

LET
THE *BIDDING*
BEGIN!





WHAT'S
WRONG WITH HIM,
ASMODEUS?

YEAH, WHAT'D
YOU DO TO HIM?
SHOULDN'T HE BE
CHAINED UP OR
SOMETHING?



I ASSURE
YOU, IT IS PERFECTLY
SAFE. LOGAN'S
CONSCIOUSNESS HAS
BEEN SENT AWAY.

HE IS AN
EMPTY SHELL. A SIMPLE
SPELL AND HE WILL BECOME
A SLAVE...A **WEAPON**.
TO WHOMEVER AMONG YOU
PAYS ME THE HIGHEST SUM.



YOU SAY HIS
CONSCIOUSNESS
IS GONE. **WHERE**
IS HE?



NOT
WHERE...
WHEN.



AND HE
IS FAR, FAR
AWAY...



YELLOW AND BLUE.
OKAY, OKAY...THIS
IS BETTER THAN
WEAPON X. I CAN
WORK WITH THIS.



NOW LET'S SEE
IF I CAN FIGURE
OUT WHEN I--



CRHHT

QUEBEC,
CANADA.



OH
@##%\$.

NEXT: PAST LIVES, 1974-1977!

NEXT:

PAST LIVES



ISSUE

22

PAST
LIVES
CONTINUES